Woffington's Ghoſt.

A

POEM.

Price ONE SHILLLING.

Wellington's Glory.

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Woffington's Ghoſt.

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In ANSWER to the

MERETRICIAD.

——— *the Queen of Love,*
Promiſcuous Bleſſings to her Slaves aſſign'd;
And ſhew'd the World that Beauty ſhould be kind.

Lord LANDSDOWN.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and ſold by HENRY WOODGATE, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. 1761.

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Wolfington's Ghost.

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——— the Queen of Love,
Promiscuous Delights to her Slaves offer'd;
And Jove's Decree the World that Beauty should be Mard.

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POEM.

YE awful ſhades of beauties long ſince dead,
Whoſe potent charms in chains have monarchs led;
Who, in times paſt, love's paths have freely trod,
Riſe to revenge, and arm'd with terrors rod:

Forth from your manſions, where you're doom'd, now come,
And from your followers brows diſpel this gloom;
This gloom, which all love's nymphs has quite o'erſpread,
And heart-felt anguiſh in their looks are read.
Some ſcribbling wight, to them and love a foe,
In dark drawn colours from his envy's flow,
Has ſully'd ſome, whoſe lives were pure as ſnow.

Nature alarm'd, ſtrait let looſe all her winds,
And free'd thoſe ſpirits, whom ſtrong magic binds.
Darkneſs enſu'd, earth op'd her ſulph'rous veins,
And horrid ſpectres roſe and ſhook their chains.
Quick vaniſh'd all, when lo! a beauteous train,
Array'd with charms, immediate fill'd the plain:
When one ſtood forth, and thus majeſtic ſpoke:
No more, in vain, ſhall *Britiſh* nymphs invoke;

Our

Our aid we'll freely give, their loves indear,
And from dark crimes their reputation clear.
Their characters are known, I'll ſet 'em right,
Nor ſee 'em tumbled to the ſhades of night.
Fiction's dark arts I ſcorn, I truth intend,
And to the doughty wight this anſwer ſend.

Say, thou baſe black defamer of the fair,
To what malicious devil art thou heir;
Unconſcious wretch, infernal infidel,
Who, but thyſelf, ſuch ſcandal dar'd to tell:
To propagate ſuch vile, ſuch glaring lies,
At which your gloomy patron ſhame on't cries.
No more your face in open daylight ſhew,
Doom'd to a dungeon'd darkneſs may you go;

May grief on grief, paſſion on paſſion roll,
And in the dreary torrent whelm your ſoul.

Such pennance ought, or worſe the imp to find,
Who dare ſuch merit, with like beauty join'd,
Accuſe unjuſtly of the vileſt crimes,
And blacken her amidſt your viler rhimes.
But miſcreant, ſay, why, with invective rage,
Should you thus laſh the glory of our ſtage.
Can't *B——l——y*, who long has ſtood the teſt
Of critics envy, and been long careſs'd
By all the great and good of theſe our iſles,
Enjoy'd their favour, ſhar'd their ſunſhine ſmiles;
Stood as a rock amidſt the waſte of time,
Nor once been ſcourg'd by thoſe that deal in rhime.

Why this untruth, that ſhe her children fled,
Nor car'd whether they had, or wanted bread.
No more advance ſuch falſhoods, 'tis well known,
They boarded were at the beſt ſchools in town.
To *Ireland* too, to *W*——*r* ſhe went, you ſay,
She went indeed to *Ireland* to play.
'Twas hope of profit that made her engage,
And leave the *Engliſh* for the *Iriſh* ſtage.
Large ſalaries promis'd, and great offers made,
Tho' by the bye, there's few were ever paid;
The lordly manager, with ſtrut and ſtare,
With *Turkiſh* inſolence, and Baſhaw glare,
Prov'd that his ſterling was but *Iriſh* ware.
Indeed the audience great encomiums paid her,
And, if applauſe could do't, a goddeſs made her.

When in *Chineſe*, *Mandane* ſhe appear'd,
By turns ſhe hated, pity'd, and endear'd:
With out-ſtretch'd eyes, and with attentive ears,
The enraptur'd audience ſhar'd her hopes and fears.
Ne'er with like grace the *Cyprian* goddeſs mov'd,
When with love's charms, and in her chariot dov'd,
She rode to meet the warlike God ſhe lov'd.

To her fair form the poor in vain ne'er ſu'd,
She all reliev'd by ſad diſtreſs purſu'd.
All the ſucceſs ſhe has, and more ſhe merits,
Therefore your rancour won't depreſs her ſpirits.
Miſs *Kitty* too, whom all the town adore,
Whoſe pleaſing fetters half our nobles wore:
Pray don't beſpatter ſo, 'tis not her due,
She ne'er was Whore to ſuch a one as you.

In pleaſure's range if ſhe does freely tread,
And ſip the ſweets that ſpring in nature's mead;
Let her indulge in ev'ry dear delight,
In plenty ſpend the day, in love the night.
To make caſh circulate ſhe only lives,
And what ſhe gets, ſhe freely ſpends or gives.
You ſay, 'twill raiſe a doubt in time to come,
That Peers ſubſcrib'd to keep a painted ſtrum.
Which is moſt honour, greatly to maintain
A Britiſh beauty, or a foreign train
Of Opera ſquallers, from *Italian* ſhores,
Eunuchs the men, the women rotten whores?
It ſhames our gentry, ſhames our glorious land,
And does the *Engliſh* name with folly brand;

That

That lords, their ladies, citizens and wenches,
Subſcribe to fill the operas curſed trenches,
While *Engliſh* actors play to empty benches.

But lo! a nymph, that has in ſplendor ſhone,
And thro' life's varied claſs with honour run;
Whoſe fair fraught image, and whoſe ſparkling wit,
Has ſtruck with awe, the lord, the 'ſquire, and cit.
That *C---p---r* e'er diſpleas'd, you've urg'd in vain,
In love as free as air, in dealings plain.
She'll never at the approach of age repine,
But freely treats her friends with wit and wine:
Gay as the morning lark that upward flies,
Whoſe tuneful notes ſalute the eaſtern ſkies:
Sorrow's dire gloom, and cares, with mirth diſperſe,
And ever has ſome frolick to rehearſe.

Therefore

Therefore forego her origin to trace,
Think on her wit, her air, and matchleſs grace:
Her faults in dark oblivion bury all,
And learn that great things ever ſprung from ſmall.
'Ere mortals frailty made them wretched, ſhe
Was born moſt noble, that was born moſt free.
Lucy, the ſ ns of mirth thee'll ever toaſt,
And of love's witty nymphs you'll rule the roaſt.

You rail at one, too, with dire envious ſpleen,
The fineſt, comelieſt laſs that e'er was ſeen,
Tread our fam'd ſtage, or revel on the green.
But why, with envy, muſt you charge her more,
Than all the reſt that you have nam'd before?

Spite can't, I'm ſure, her generous ſoul inthral,
Her face, her look, does contradict it all;
All thoſe ſoft charms of which the muſes ſung,
In plaintive accents echo from her tongue:
So ſweet's her voice, her port ſo fine and eaſy,
Her Lady *Townly* cannot fail to pleaſe ye.
Eaſe and good nature, with the belle and ſmart,
You'll find concenter'd in the name of *Hart*.

O matchleſs fair, moſt elegant divine,
C----y there ne'er were charms to equal thine:
Who, but a fiend, would impious untruths tell
To blaſt your fame, but one that's leagu'd with hell:
High born and bred, with nature's bounty dreſs'd,
And royalty itſelf has thee careſs'd.

But you 'bove envy's reach ſhall always reign,
His heart's high empreſs that don't ſcorn your chain.

A much fam'd nymph who lately led the faſhion,
And prov'd that love's her univerſal paſſion:
But *M——y*, pr'ythee why ſo ſtrangely alter'd:
You've ſaid, that before marry'd, you'd be halter'd.
But laudable however is your plan,
You've loſt the town, and gain'd an honeſt man.
Honour to you, who've known all ſcenes of life,
To make an honeſt, ſober, virtuous wife:
Take care, your new-gain'd virtue ſafely keep,
No more let titles lull that gem aſleep;
Never let one falſe ſtep your marriage croſs,
But reſt in ſafety with the name of *Roſs*.

Two ſiſters next, of heav'nly ſhape and frame,
Their perſons not more lov'd than is their name;
When next you write, pray for their names ſake ſpare,
Nor let the ſhade of *Garrick* ſcandal bear:
Garrick, the prodigy of this gay age,
The only glaring meteor of the ſtage.
May you, dear nymphs, your beauty and your love,
With nature's charms ſtrive ſtrongly to improve;
While *D*——*n*'s hornpipe pleaſes all the town,
Yet you alone would fully her renown;
Aſperſions throw on all ſhe does or dances,
But moſt you ſay on her, I think, romance is:
When public people's characters at ſtake,
At leaſt be cautious for their int'reſts ſake.

For

For loſt their merit flies with their good name,
You take their bread as well as dawb their fame.

Of other nymphs your impious muſe has ſung,
And blacken'd *Hervey*, *Fordyce*, *Hays*, and *Young*;
Four girls as fair, by all the town confeſs'd,
And form'd by nature's laws to make man bleſs'd:
For why ſhould cuſtom's laws their nature rule?
Born free as air, nor taught in cuſtom's ſchool.

Douglaſs's funeral pomp, I think is droll,
And onward ſeems in ſable gloom to roll.
But no more urge you malice on that head,
Nor dare diſturb the aſhes of the dead.

But hold, you wound a gay, a goodly train,
Compos'd of *Clemens*, *Stephens*, *Maſſey*, *Vane*;
With *Davis*, *Kelly*, and with many more,
Whoſe names you ſtamp with dirty draggled whore:
No more abuſe, nor high kept names invade,
For ſacred love their property is made.
Examples many I could ſet to view,
That love's dear nymphs theſe arts no more may rue.
The goddeſs long in Cyprus was ador'd,
Her lovers toils ſhe gratefully reſtor'd:
Bright *Hellen*'s charms, tho' to a King aſſign'd,
Stand on record, that beauty ſhould be kind.
Great *Cleopatra*, whoſe angelic face,
Two mighty heroes fought for to embrace;

Improv'd love's joys with ſuch a liberal hand,
One loſt the world to be at her command.
Then why ſhould vainly writers ſtrict impoſe
Limits to love, whoſe nature brooks no laws?
O mighty love, whoſe ſubſtitutes theſe are,
To whom, on earth you've giv'n chief rule and care;
Suffer your vot'ries not in fame to ſmart,
But with remorſe, deep wound the witling's heart.

FINIS.

Inspired lovers with such a liberal hand,
One left the world to be at her command.
Then why should vainly writers first impede
Limits to love, whole nature broke no laws?
O mighty love, whole hubbubs these are,
To whom, on earth you've giv'n chief rule and care;
Suffer your votries not in time to smart,
Yet with remorse, deep wound the writing's heart.